Castiel/Dean, clad in skyskin, wrapped in cloud

There's ink smearing and cleaning itself instantly, as Castiel runs his hands over Dean's back and sides, forming and reforming sigils and patterns and words in old, *old* languages. There's a pattern to be completed, a note to be made, and Castiel is taking the time to make it perfect, to make the ritual *work*.

Dean's pressed into the bed, whimpering softly as Castiel remembers again and again to thrust, and not to ignore that portion of Jimmy's body in favor of writing on Dean's back.

The ink dries far faster than it should, and Castiel is able to continue writing, filling Dean's back with small, neat handwriting that no analysis could reveal to be Jimmy's. Dean has lost sense of time, and doesn't stop moaning, or calling Castiel's name as the quill pen works its way further and further down Dean's back.

"The Word," Castiel murmurs. Later, Dean will wonder at how Castiel can stay this focused deep inside him. But Castiel has time and time to think, and he would be the world's slowest chess player, if not pushed to think quickly.

"The Word made Flesh," Castiel murmurs again, and updates the sigils, running a hand over the dry ink. It obliges and shifts and Castiel continues.

He remembers to thrust and does so, bringing another long moan from Dean, and Castiel watches Dean's skin stretch under his fingers and ink and remembers the weatherman. Winchesters watch moving images too often, he thinks, but he remembers the swirl of clouds moving over the map over and over again, and he thinks of the dark of night.

Castiel leans forward and smears it all, holding it black and with a single clear spot. A single clear star.

Then he releases the ink and the words and sigils return. A moment of curiosity, and no more.